

# THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

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## Poetic Recens

### A VENITIAN SERENADE.

Air—"Love among the Roses."

The vesper star  
Is set above—  
The sweet guitar  
Is breathing love—  
And maids, with eyes of summer light,  
With songs awake the cloudy night:  
Oh come my love! ere dawn to-morrow,  
We'll snatch a golden hour from sorrow.

The moon looks on  
The silver wave—  
The winds are gone  
To ocean's cave—  
The gondoliers o'er the tide,  
The lover sighs at beauty's side:  
Oh come, my love!

No more delay,  
My lingering bride!  
Too soon will day  
My presence chide,  
The robin unfolds his wing,  
And silence wraps the dulcet string:  
Oh come, my love!

### GOOD NIGHT.

Good night! good night! 'tis even so,  
And friends that love the best must part,  
Life's web is spun of joy and woe—  
For every sublimed of the heart,  
An answering tear must flow!

Good Night!

Good night! good night! 'tis hand in hand  
The lovers whisper time away,  
The tapers, though by Cupid kind,  
Refuse to shed a lengthen'd ray:  
Then break the rosy band!

Good Night!

### TO A LADY WHO GAVE ME A SUGAR HEART

A sugar heart—'twas very sweet,  
But still I would prefer you other;  
Pray give me that when next we meet,  
And save the candy for another!

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

#### ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD!

STOLEN from the subscriber, within a few years, his whole estate, consisting of houses, lands, and negroes, horses, cows, hogs, and sheep, household and kitchen furniture, with various other articles of husbandry.—They were gradually and almost imperceptibly spirited away by one "INTEMPERANCE," who was then an inmate of the family, but who afterwards shortly after committing the above depredations, and who is still lurking in the neighborhood, to the great annoyance of all good society. Any person who will put again in possession of said property, and confine Intemperance in any jail within the limits of the United States, so as to be brought to justice, shall receive the above reward, and the thanks of one who has been

A TOPER.

P. S. Intemperance may be known by his propensity for low company, redness of eyes and nose, and his great fear of losing his rights.

Hiccup-Gap. (— Co.) April 16th, 1834.

### FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

#### ON THE USE OF ARDENT SPIRITS IN THE SUMMER SEASON.

Throughout the season of harvest, the careful and industrious farmer tills his bread in the sweat of his face. At this season, especially, he must attend closely to his business, and drive it with zeal. If he employs laborers, he finds it necessary to be with them as constantly as possible—directing their work, and encouraging them to industry by his own example; and such severe toils as he himself and his laborers endure in the searching heat of the sun, and from the morning till the evening of the longest days, necessarily require a plenty of the most nourishing and strengthening food and drink. It appeared to be the prevailing opinion, a few years ago, that Whiskey was the staff of life for laboring people, especially in hot weather; and that they should take into their stomachs large drafts of liquid fire, to guard them against the scorching heat of the sun. This is a false and pernicious notion; for men were strong to labor, and could endure hard toils in the hottest weather, when whiskey was not known in the world.

It is said that the Romans and Carthaginians supported the fatigues of laborious marches, in the warmest climates and seasons, under a load of arms which in some instances weighed sixty pounds, without any other liquor than vinegar and water to allay their thirst. What toils were endured by the first settlers of New England!—toils which could hardly be endured by their descendants of the present generation; yet they had neither rum, nor brandy, nor whiskey; they had not even cider; their drink was "Adam's ale,"—which is simple water.

As if the people of the present age were under the operation of the hydrophobia, they seem, many of them, terribly afraid of water.—A few persons have destroyed their lives by drinking large draughts of cold water while they were heated; and hence the silly conclusion is drawn, that it is dangerous in hot weather to drink water, unless it be mixed with spirits; whereas, for one life that has been destroyed by drinking water, a thousand, in all probability, have been destroyed (largely in this country) by drinking rum, brandy, and whiskey.

Every healthy person, who wishes for the continuance of his health, should make good water his principal drink; it is the wholesome beverage that nature has provided for all her children. There is no real nourishment in ardent spirits; they operate as a stimulant, and, as soon as their stimulating force is spent, correspondent languor and weakness succeed—so that the system is reduced as much below its ordinary tone, as it had been raised above it. Therefore, the use of ardent spirits, however it may increase the exertions of the laborer for a short space, cannot fail to unfit him for steadily persevering in hard labor; and it is a well established fact, that whiskey-drinkers will not and cannot perform so great a quantity of labor for a whole month, or even a whole week, as men of the same strength are able to perform, who make no use of those liquors.

A SUBSCRIBER.



## OBITUARY.

[COMMUNICATED TO THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.]

### JAMES GRAHAM, Senr.

We verily believe if Christians would carefully observe the minute exactness with which God has fulfilled, and is daily fulfilling—not the prophecies, but the moral declarations of His Holy word—they would be amazed at their own stupidity—ashamed at their want of confidence in His blessed promises, and mourn over their lack of fidelity;—their faith would be increased, their hopes encouraged, and every grace enlivened—their course made more brilliant, their end more triumphant. On the contrary, we cannot believe that man exists, possessed of common understanding, who will make the same observation, that can for one moment doubt their authenticity, or live for one day under the influence of those views which debase the intellectual character, and those conclusions which destroy the soul of the sceptic.

These thoughts have been suggested by the reminiscence of the life, character, and death, of that honorable servant of His God and Country, the late venerable JAMES GRAHAM, Senr., who died in Rowan Co., on the 9th of February last. With what delightful emotions, with what encouragement, can we now view his long life, and mark the apparent scrupulousness with which every promise made to the righteous was verified to him. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

The subject of these remarks was the son of James and Margaret Graham, who emigrated from Scotland, and settled first in Pennsylvania, but subsequently removed to this country. He was born in January 1759, and was married to Margaret Porter in 1780, by whom he had nine children, two of which died whilst young. He lived to see the other seven all settled in life, so near to him that he could visit any one of them and return the same day—all living in the pastoral charge of the same minister, and all professing the same Holy Religion, in the faith of which he lived, and in the hope of which they saw him die.

Born with "a heart for Freedom's cause, and a hand for Freedom's blow," "a soul of courage and fortitude,"—possessing a lofty spirit of independence, a true devotion to liberty and his country, he early espoused the cause of the Revolution. At the first call of his loved country, he ran to her support and defence against the tyranny and oppression of the mother country. In the year 1775, when only in the seventeenth year of his age, he entered the Army, burning, as we believe, with a sacred zeal for the honor and freedom of his country. During the years 1776, 1780, and 1781, he was valiantly engaged in some of the most important battles fought in the Southern country. Perhaps no one more truly rejoiced in the ultimate success of the cause. Never can we dwell on the character or contemplate the high and holy principles which seem to have actuated the Fathers of the Revolution, but we feel and lament our inability to do them justice. But their glory is interwoven with that of their country;—their names are inscribed on the columns of her independence. Having loved and suffered with his country in the hour of trial and danger, he loved her to the end. Although he never mingled much in political contests, he was ever alive to her best interests. Never can the writer forget the strong and powerful manner in which he expressed himself to him on the occasion of the first ejection of our present Chief Magistrate. How ardently did he deprecate, and with what trembling emotion did he deplore, the probable evil consequences! We thought his fears unwarranted. How far they have been justified, let the voice of the country now tell!

But it was Religion that gave a peculiar interest and dignity to his character. Enjoying, from his birth, the unspeakable blessing of pious parents, he was reared "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" and in him, as in all other cases, was confirmed that promise, "train up your child in the way in which he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Of the time and circumstances of his conversion, we are not apprized; but of this we are certain, that he early became convinced that, although he had been taught to avoid the temptation, and had escaped the snares in which so many youths have been entrapped and ruined, mere external goodness was not enough. He discovered that his whole nature was depraved, his whole heart corrupt, and without the renewing and sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, he could not hope to live under the smiles, to die in the favor, or at last to meet the approving plaudits of that God who searcheth the heart, and is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. As soon as satisfied of a change of heart, and an interest in the atonement made by the Saviour, he united himself to the Church of Third-Creek, which was then in its infancy, and to which he became, in an eminent degree, a Father.

Not long after his connexion with this Church, he was elected a Ruling Elder, which office he sustained with universal approbation until the hour of his death. To the faithful manner in which he watched over the interests of this Church, to that zealous care and unrelaxing exertion with which he devoted himself to its spiritual growth and enlargement, those can bear the best testimony who were called to serve with him in that office. But all would be compelled to give the most honorable testimony.

Rarely has the Christian character shone with a more regular and undeviating lustre. He was a man of good natural understanding, and common education. He possessed a sound judgment;—was deliberate in forming his opinions and plans of conduct, but was perseveringly decided when adopted. Integrity and decision were prominent traits in his character. Having fixed in his mind the few simple and naked principles of truth, by these his habits were regulated—satisfying himself about the right and the wrong, he was not then influenced by circumstances in the performance of duty. "Too fond of the right to pursue the expedient," he hesitated not, whilst others were consulting the maxims of worldly prudence. Though humble in his habitual deportment, yet he ever appeared with a Christian dignity which commanded affection and respect. While he was a firm believer in the doctrines of grace, and the need of heart-piety for the approbation of God, he viewed it equally important to maintain a holy life, as the necessary fruit of the Spirit, and the evidence of his good estate. He believed there was an intimate connexion between principles and practice. He acknowledged an overruling hand in every event, yet endeavored to perform his duty as a dependent, accountable being. He appeared to act, especially in the latter part of his life, as under the weight of everlasting motives.

But it is not possible, nor is it necessary, to dwell on every trait which we loved and admired in the charac-

ter of this good old man. As a father, he was kind and indulgent, yet governed his children with decision and energy. He loved them much, and never seemed to enjoy himself so much as when in the bosom of his family. He was exceedingly anxious for their intellectual and moral improvement. The exertions which he made in their behalf will never be forgotten by them. The deep solicitude he felt in their souls' eternal peace, was manifested by the fervent prayers which he daily offered up in their hearing, and which we trust will be forever recollected in the most grateful manner. For them we hope there is a rich legacy laid up before the throne of God, in petitions yet unanswered. Nor was his affection for the young confined to his own family: He felt the deepest interest in the rising generation.—He rejoiced in every thing calculated early to develop the mind and train for action the youth of his country. Especially young men acquiring an education with the Gospel Ministry in view—his soul loved.

As a neighbor, he was obliging—living in peace with all around him. So far from creating disturbances, or mixing in the broils which, unhappily, so often spring up in neighborhoods, he was often called to allay them.

As a man and a Christian, he was "diligent in business, fervent in spirit—serving the Lord." He died in the practice of the apostolic injunction, "Owe no man any thing." It is said he did not owe one dollar.—Having settled his temporal matters some fifteen years ago, and living with his youngest son, who took the entire charge of the family, he devoted himself almost wholly to reading, meditation, and prayer. His chief care seemed to be his own heart and life. His interest in spiritual things seemed daily to increase, and he evidently ripened for the service of the Upper Temple. He was remarkable for his regular attendance to the ordinances of the Gospel. He loved the social prayer-meeting—his delight was in the public sanctuary—the assembly of the saints. How often, in this particular, has he reminded us of the Beloved Disciple. During the latter part of his life, though seventy years of age, for certain reasons he preferred to walk, which he commonly did, and though the Church was four miles from his dwelling, yet never was his seat in the congregation empty except for material causes. Truly he loved the Church of the Lord. His heart was bound to the Church and congregation of Third-Creek, by strong peculiar ties, yet his Christian benevolence embraced the family of man.—a world that lieth in sin. He rejoiced at the universal success of the cause—in the prosperity of Zion every where. He looked forward with delightful anticipation to the moral effect of the benevolent institutions of the present age. Often, whilst engaged in reading by the fireside, he has been seen to lay down his book, and raise both hands in the most fervent prayer to Almighty God, that he would spread the Gospel—convert the Heathen, and save the world!

We had a strong desire to witness the dying exercises of this man. We visited him, but found, from the nature of the disease, (being Pneumonic) that he was utterly unable to converse—could only answer such questions as were proposed. He was asked what were his feelings and views in his present situation. He expressed the most unreserved submission to the will of his Heavenly Father, whether it should be life or death. But in regard to death he said, "I have yet a great work to do." Never shall we forget our mutual exclamation at that moment, "Great God!" thought we, "if this man has yet a great work to do, what will become of those who have done nothing until they come to this hour!" "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear!" He was not permitted to enjoy those cheering anticipations, or to manifest that glorious triumph, which is vouchsafed to a few who love the Lord Jesus. Perhaps it is true, generally, that those who have given the best evidence in their lives, to the truth of the Gospel, are not called upon for a glistening testimony. We would sooner trust to the living state, than the dying frame of any man. His death was tranquil and easy. "Early in the morning, the first day of the week," his blessed spirit ascended, borne on Angel's wings, we have no doubt, to the throne of God, where he now has his full share in all the employments and enjoyments of those who were before redeemed. Oh! that we may die the death of the righteous, and that our last end may be like his! What would his family now take in exchange for this cheering hope! His example is before them; would that they may follow it! Then may they cherish the soul-exhilarating anticipation of meeting their aged father—when the toils of life shall have ended—where sickness shall not be needed—where separation and sorrow shall be no more—but where immortal health shall qualify them to unite in forever celebrating the triumph of the Saviour.

Let Infidels exhaust their resources in their endeavors to illuminate the valley of death, still it is death! The meretricious light of their profane philosophy cannot penetrate beyond the grave. If the Sun of Righteousness shine not upon the soul when disease blasts the verdure of health, despair withers its root, and it will forever rot in perdition. It is the Bible alone that can tear away the chilling gloom of the grave—it is this that opens up to view that narrow path that leads from the tomb, to all the joys at God's right hand. Hear its voice:

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

Once upon a time a traveller stepped into a stage coach. He was a young man starting in life. He found six passengers about him, all grey headed, and extremely aged men. The youngest appeared to have seen at least eighty winters. Our young traveller, struck with the singularly mild and bumpy aspect which distinguished all his fellow passengers, determined to ascertain the secret of a long life, and the art of making old age comfortable; he addressed the one who was apparently the eldest, who told him that he had always led a regular and abstemious life, eating vegetables and drinking water. The young man was rather daunted at this, inasmuch as he liked the good things of life. He addressed the second, who bestowed him by saying he had always eaten roast beef, and gone to bed regularly fuddled for the last seventy years, adding, that all depends on regularity. The third had prolonged his days by never seeking or accepting office; the fourth by resolutely abstain from all political or religious controversies, and the fifth by getting to bed at sunset and rising at dawn. The sixth was apparently much younger than the other five—his hair less grey, and there was less of it—a placid smile, denoting a perfectly easy conscience, mantled his face, and his voice was joyous and strong. They were all surprised to learn that he was by ten years the oldest man in the coach. "How!" exclaimed our young traveller, "how is it you have thus preserved the freshness

of life?" "I have drunk water and drunk wine—I have eaten meat and vegetables—I have held a public office—I have dabbled in politics and written religious pamphlets—I have sometimes gone to bed at midnight, got up at sunrise and at noon,—but I have always paid promptly for my newspapers."—Cincinnati Republican.

### "THE LOWER REGIONS."

A correspondent of the "Richmond Compiler," speaking of the Kanawha country, relates the following anecdote:

"Immediately on the road, and a short distance from the bank of the river, the celebrated Burning Spring attracts the curiosity of the traveller.—A cavity in the earth of a few feet in diameter, presents at its bottom several small orifices, from which an odorous gas, or strong bituminous vapor, is constantly exhaled. When ignited by a lighted candle, which is easily done, the whole becomes a sheet of flame, and is only extinguished by the plentiful application of water. Filling the cavity with water previous to ignition, does not diminish the brightness or fierceness of the blaze. Inflammable gases undoubtedly abound in many portions of the valley. An anecdote, illustrating the fact, was frequently related in my hearing, which I cannot forbear to repeat.—A very respectable gentleman, somewhat eccentric and a little profane, had been boring for salt to the depth of 600 feet, when his friends endeavored to dissuade him from the costly experiment. "Salt I will have," he exclaimed "if I bore for it to the infernal regions!" Accordingly he pressed on in pursuit of his object, with renewed perseverance and ardor—and his boring machine having penetrated one of those subterranean recesses, where nature generates her mysterious and terrific agents, a volume of flame suddenly burst through the orifice, and, ascending far above the earth's surface, spread terror and amazement in the neighborhood. The less enlightened, and superstitious, of course, fancied that the profane gentleman's threats had been really carried into execution, and that the contents of the awful and undefinable pit had been actually disgorged upon mother earth."

### "GUMPTION."

This is a fine old Scotch word, not generally to be found in the dictionaries, though it is worthy of a place in the best. It has a great deal of meaning in it, and often expresses what nothing else can.

When I see a girl reject the addresses of a respectable young man, who owns a good farm, goes to meeting, and pays his debts, for one who wears a dickey, visits the theatre, and spends his money faster than he earns it, I think to myself she has not much gumption.

When I see a young mechanic who wants a good wife that can make a pudding, spit a turkey, decanting after a piece of affection because she has been in a dancing school, and can play on a piano. I guess he has not much gumption.

When I see a farmer paying taxes for twenty acres of land half-fenced and half-tilled, when he might raise more on six acres under good cultivation. I conclude he is not overstocked with gumption.

When I see a man who has a good business, sufficient to support his family respectably, neglecting his affairs, and running into debt, in order to obtain a political office, I fancy that, whatever may be his talents, he is not burdened with gumption.

When I see a man calling his boys from school, and spending two hours every afternoon, for a month, to tar his trees, that the canker worm may not ascend them, when he might effect a remedy in a single day, by exchanging the earth for three feet around them, I conclude that he has more industry than gumption.

When I see a man purchasing three cords of wood for the winter, when, by listing his doors, and mending a broken pane, he might save two of them, I think he has but little gumption.

When I see a young man, just set up in business, keeping a horse and chaise at an expense of two dollars a day, and failing in six months, when he might walk for nothing, and continue his business with safety, I conclude that he has not much gumption.

When I see a man attending diligently to his own concerns, sending his children to school, paying his debts, subscribing for a newspaper, and keeping clear of law suits, quarrels, and politics, I set him down as a man possessing a reasonable share of gumption.

When I see a woman mending her children's clothes, and receiving her husband with affection, I conclude that she has an extraordinary share of gumption.

In fine, when I see a man who deals justly, loves mercy, walks humbly, and pays for his newspaper, I conclude that of all others in this world he possesses the greatest portion of gumption.

### FREAK OF FORTUNE.

One of those wonderful mutations of fortune, which are sufficiently frequent in romantic, but so rarely occur in real life, has lately raised a common herd-boy to be the possessor of property producing a revenue of £30,000 a year. This fortunate youth is the natural son of a Baron D. by a young woman who died immediately after the birth of the child.—The Baron placed the child under the care of M. Deville, the Burgomaster of Loupigne, a village near Nivelles, in Brabant, but afterwards took no notice of his offspring for fifteen years, and seemed to have forgotten that such a being was in existence, till he was on his death bed, when he made a will, and bequeathed to his child all that he was worth. M. Deville was appointed executor, and, when he went to communicate the glad tidings to the youth, he was actually in the fields, tending the cows of his master.—It was with difficulty he was made to comprehend the vast change in his condition, at first apprehending he was accused of some crime, and was about to be sent to prison. At length, however, he became convinced

of the truth, and went to Liege to be educated in a manner fitting his new station in society.—Foreign Paper.

### A LIBERAL PATRON.

Hogarth was once employed by a rich citizen in London to paint a historical piece on the walls of the grand staircase of his mansion, who, like a prudent man who knew how it went, informed Hogarth he must make a bargain before hand. The subject chosen was the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites, and the host of Pharaoh in pursuit. After considerable higgling about the price of the job, the necessities of the painter compelled him to strike for two guineas; all that the worthy encourager of the fine arts could be prevailed on to give. Early next morning honest brush commenced his task, and after working about two hours, which he considered labor enough for his compensation, knocked at the chamber door of the old gentleman, who had not donned his breeches, informing him the job was finished and he wanted his pay. "Gadso! already!" cried the vendor of cheese and onions, who soon issued from his dormitory, spectacles in hand, crying out—"Must see it,—will never lay a pig in a poke; must see the goods!" and waddled along, preceded by the painter, to inspect the labors of genius. When arrived upon the stairs, he observed a broad belt of red, extending along the wall, about midway between the ceiling and the stairs, which the artist had laid on in short order with common house painter's brush. "Gadso!" exclaimed the liberal employer, "what's this?" "The Red Sea," quietly replied Hogarth. "Gadso! so it is—but where—where are the Israelites, with their general, and all that, eh?" "Gone over, sir," said Hogarth "Gone over; Gadso! true—true! But where's Pharaoh and his host?" "All drowned, your worship," said Will, smiling, and extending his hand for the fee. "Gadso!" cried the satisfied cit, "and so they are, sure enough."

### ESCAPE OF A LION AND A TIGRESS.

A melancholy accident occurred at Walmwell's menagerie, in consequence of the lion Wallace and a large tigress escaping from the caravan, at Worksworth. It appears that the drivers were putting the vans into the yard of the White Lion Inn, when a carriage, laden with timber, came in contact with the one in which the celebrated lion Wallace, and a very large tigress, were kept, and stayed in the whole side of the vehicle. Every pains possible were taken to prevent the beasts obtaining their liberty, by repairing the van as well as circumstances would permit, and by closing the gates of the yard; but in the course of the night the beasts, being by nature restless, by some means removed one of the broken panels, and succeeded in making their escape by the back yard into the fields, where the tigress attacked a number of sheep, and killed three. The lion, finding himself at liberty, was by no means idle, but falling in with some cows belonging to Mr. Wilson, killed one and severely wounded two others. The bleating of the sheep, the lowing of the cows, and the roaring of the lion, aroused the keepers and several of the inhabitants, when pursuit was made by the whole body, in order to kill or retake them. They first discovered the lion, about three or four fields distant, feeding on the cow which had fallen a victim to his irresistible fury. They immediately fronted him as well as their fears would admit, and several shots were fired, though contrary to the orders of the keeper, by which the lion was severely wounded. The infuriated animal suddenly rushed upon a man, who was at some distance from him, and before assistance could be rendered he unfortunately killed him.—He then dashed into a cow-shed, where, by the well known voice of the keepers, and their able management, he was secured, and lodged in a place of safety, without further mischief. The party then went in pursuit of the tigress, which had taken another direction, and had fallen in with some persons going to work in the brick-fields. The animal attacked a woman with a child in her arms, and a boy about eleven years of age, all of whom were killed before assistance arrived. On the party coming up, they were horror struck at the spectacle. Every exertion was made to secure the animal; but it was so dangerously wounded as not to be expected to recover, even if that object could be effected.—Northampton Herald.

Sagacity of the Horse.—We learn that several horses were on board the Wm. Penn, at the time of the conflagration. Among them was one noble animal, who, when the flames spread, appeared to be completely conscious, not only of his danger, but that his only dependence was on human aid. He followed Capt. Jeffries, who was the last to leave the boat, like a dog, from one side to the other of the boat. At every movement of the Captain, the intelligent animal was at his side, manifesting, with singular intelligence, his apprehension and dependence on the aid of Capt. Jeffries. The latter at length noticed him, and leading him to the side of the boat, said, "my noble fellow, you must leap this railing or be lost." To the surprise of the captain, the animal appeared to understand him, and leaping the rail, plunged into the river, swam to the shore, and escaped.—Philadelphia Commercial Intelligencer.

A person was elected to a corporalship in a militia company. His wife, after discoursing with him for some time on the advantages which the family would derive from his exaltation, inspired in a doubting tone, "Husband, will it be proper for us to let our children play with the neighbors' now?" One of the littleurchins eagerly asked, "Are we not all corporals?" "Tut!" said the mother, "hold your tongue, there is no one corporal but your father and myself."

There is an old gentleman, by the name of Butler, residing in Philadelphia, who is in his 100th year, and who still walks about the streets in good health.